

A

# REVIEW

## OF THE

# STATE

## OF THE

# ENGLISH NATION.

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Saturday, June 22. 1706.

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**T**HE following Letter was directed to the Author of this, I suppose, rather for the Curiosity of seeing what would be said to it, than that the Sender of it could expect his Questions to be answer'd.

MR. REVIEW,

**W**E have had great Talk here for some time of a Descent upon France; and a great Fleet has been equipt, Soldiers rais'd, and march'd a great way to the Sea side, Trains of Artillery, and Stores in vast Quantities have been ship'd off, and the Nation put to a most prodigious Expence; also here have been fair Winds and good Weather, and the Season advances, and no Appearance of going yet. I desire your Opinion in two Points relating to this Descent. 1. Whether you think it is

design'd? And, 2. Why it is so long delay'd? Your speedy Answer to this will be very Satisfactory to the publick, and to

Your Humble Servant.

These are two cunning Questions, but he must be a cunning Fellow that can give an Answer to them; however I shall try something to make the Jest, as useful as I can.

To the first Question, whether the Descent is design'd? To the literal Sense, I answer directly, They are certainly going into the Enemies Country. But what must the Inquirer take the Author of the Review for, a Conjuror, or a privy Counsellor? if the first, he must have more Faith in the Power of the Stars, than I, to think it was possi-

ble from the Position of Planets to calculate the Nativity of this Expedition; if the last, he must take me for a very Traytor to the Trust, to think, that if I knew, I would tell — And so betray the Confidence reposed in me.

But to come to the point, 'tis a particular Satisfaction to the Nation, and the Happiness of the present Reign; that our Councils are not bought and sold; our Projects and Enterprizes discover'd to the Enemy; there's no Fear of a *Camaret* Expedition; when the Enemy knew where to look for us, and accordingly made themselves ready for us at the very Spot.

We don't send Spies abroad now, and then send the Enemy Word they are coming; no blank Passes, no landing in *Rumney* Marshes are now practicable; but the QUEEN'S Business is done with Exactness of Concert, swift Execution, and Silence of Management; and tho' I am far from detracting from the Influence of Providence in all things; Yet, let first Causes be what they will, the dextrous Management of mean and second Causes is certainly a great Forwardness in, and Encouragement to all Persons concern'd to contribute readily to the Success. But why so curious, Sir, to know where they are going? if you are a Friend to the Design, you will know it soon enough; if an Enemy too soon.

But after all, how should you and I know where they are going, when the French themselves do not? They that never grudge the Charge of Intelligence, that have collected and engross'd all the Men of consummate Arts in the World, they that wheedle Princes, buy Councillors, and bribe whole Nations; if these cannot come at the Secret, how should so a despicable a Wretch, as the *Review*, know any thing of it? —

I cannot but congratulate my native Country here; that the publick Affairs are conducted with such Art, so dextrous the Management; so close the Contrivance, so silent the Motions, that the Enemy has no room left him to guess; and can only make wild Conjectures, and accordingly prepare for it every where.

Let them that snarl at the Conduct of our civil Affairs, answer this; And at the

same time tell us when're the *English* Affairs were carry'd on with such Success; whenever two such Battles, or rather Victories, were obtain'd in so short a time?

Let them see the *French* King labouring now to preserve his Conquest, and expecting an impending Storm! — No matter where it shall fall, this Thunder will break just over his head, let the Bolt fly where it will! — I shall not guess, whether in *Spain* or *France*, it is all one! Now let them go where they will, the Event is at *Paris*; the Consequence upon the *French* Power is equally weaken'd, if Success attends them, let them land almost where they will.

I cannot however but smile at our general Conjectures; some have landed them at the *Groy* to take that Capital Port, and carry the *Portuguese* Generals a Lanthorn and Candle, that they may see their way to *Madrid*; some have carried them to *Languedoc*, that they may fill up the six *French* Regiments with Protestants; and that *Monieur Cavalier* may raise a little Army of *Cevennois*.

Others, yet wiser than the rest, have carry'd them up to *Italy*, and landed them at *Final*; from whence they are to march up, to come and help the Duke of *Savoy's* Horse to raise the Siege of *Turin*.

Among those that are for a home Voyage, and sharing something as our own; we, they say, having been aiding for every body but our selves: I would gladly hear them too; but they are so divided in their own Opinions, that *Jove* himself cannot please them — The honest jolly Fellows are for *Bordeaux* against all the World; because the Claret is what they cannot part with. The Sailors, and all our old Tars are for this mortal Liquor, call'd *Punch*; and they cannot do without *Nams* or *Roebel*, and the like of the rest — And so every Body is for having our Army go, where they think best serves their own Turn.

Now, as *Jupiter* answer'd the Countrymen, when they could not agree, what Weather they would have, they should go home and consider of it; and when they were all agreed, they should come to him again: So, Gentlemen Enquirers, if you please



please to agree all together, where you would have them go; on what Spot you would have them land; by that time you come back again with that resolve, I'll be able to tell you where it shall be.

Mean time, give me leave to note, I am very glad to find that no body knows, 'tis a sign now, things are mended a little, and *English Men* can keep Counsel; 'Tis a sign the Government is warily managed, Persons and Instruments aptly chosen, and *French Money* unable to pierce the Walls of our Cabinets.

This confirms, what I have formerly said of the Conduct of this War, both abroad by the Duke of *Marborough*, and at home by our Ministry; That they have chang'd the Face of Affairs; that whereas we formerly were oblig'd to take our Measures by the Movements of the Enemy, and follow them while they led all *Europe*; 'tis now quite revers'd, and we lead the whole War; the *French* are amus'd, and kept in Suspence, we hover about them like a gathering Cloud, and they are oblig'd to follow our Measures.

Well, but then says my Letter, why is our Expedition delay'd so long? the Winds blow fair, as if they bid us go; and as if tyr'd with expecting, turn about again, the Ships lye at charge, the Season advances, and we lye by, why do we not go?

Wrong Premises of course make wrong Conclusions; Impatience and Haste may do good, but Patience and Consideration never does any Harm; a short Answer will determine this Matter.

Every Stay is not a Delay, to stay till the Design is ripe; the Measures taken, and the proper Season for executing it, come, is not to delay the Business, but TO DO IT?

Ignorance, therefore of our real Design, is the Foundation of all our Haste— but what if I should tell you strange News, Gentlemen, and which you will wonder at, at least you'll be amaz'd you did not hear of it as well as I?

Why, Gentlemen! The Fleet is gone, the Descent is made, and the Army under my Lord *Rivers* has been enter'd upon Action above these three Weeks—'Tis strange you should not have the News here a while ago!

The Fellow's mad, says the Gentlemen now at *Man's Coffee-House*; why, I saw my Lord *Rivers* but to day, says one; ay, says Coll.——and I am sure, I am to go with them, and I think I am not gone yet.

Pray Coll.——think again, it may be, you may not be sure on't; you fancy you are at *White-hall* and *Man's Coffee-House* a reading the News, and perhaps fancied your self with *Madam* last Night; but I tell you, you are mistaken, you are all actually on Shore in *France*, and doing the grand Work of the Nation?

But to Explain this Riddle, Pray, Gentlemen, read the Accounts from *France*; the Militia are rais'd, the Gentry Summon'd, the Country People taken from their Harvest and Vineyards, and March'd to the Sea Coast; instead of fencing their Grounds, to keep the Cattle out of their Corn, they are Entrenching the Coasts to keep the Enemy out of their Country; instead of watching their Orchards, they are watching the Kingdom.

Ignorant of your Design, they are Fortifying as well where you will not come, as where you will, and perhaps not at all where you will come; ——The whole Country is harass'd, vast Expence, intolerable Obstructions to the business of the Season; infinite Loss both to Landlord and Tenant is the Effect, a great deal worse than raising Contribution upon them.

And all this while you are in the Isle of *Wight*, when you are Embark'd and Sail'd, as you Approach one Place, another is clear'd, and they know what to do — but while you hover thus about 'em, and they know not where to expect you, they are in the utmost Confusion —— And thus you are Influentially upon Action; and really, speaking of Consequences, I know not whether their lying thus at an uncertainty, and expecting you they know not where, is not one way as Fatal to them, as your Landing will be, tho' you should have all the Success you can expect.

Then you'll possess a part of *France*, now you perplex the whole; the Country you take will suffer then, all the Provinces suffer now; the expectation of Evil is always more dreadful than the Evil is felt.